

Our Dumb Animals



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PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 10

Are you circulating a Disarmament Petition? Write for one to this office, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Total cost of national defense for the United States in 1900, army and navy, \$163,392,646; for 1929, \$678,413,795. Appropriations for the coming year amount to more than \$700,000,000.

Are we all aware of the great Disarmament Conference to be held next year? Is each of us doing his best to make it a success and not a failure? "I do not like to contemplate," said Lord Gray recently, "the failure of next year's conference. Its consequences will be appalling."

Agitation against the steel trap for taking fur-bearing animals is making progress in England. Representatives of 5,000 members of the National Federation of Women's Institutes meeting in Albert Hall, London, protested against it again some weeks ago.

Take Heart

FIENDS of animals may well be cheered by the progress everywhere evident of the humane movement. He who knows how regard for the welfare of animals has spread over the world during even the last fifty years can only rejoice. In land after land where but a few decades ago no organized efforts were made to protect them from cruelty and suffering societies have been springing up. Witness the growth of the humane idea in Turkey, Syria, North Africa, the Philippines, India, to say nothing of the extraordinary progress made in countries like our own, and England and those of the continent. Everywhere in our schools here and abroad humane education is rapidly being recognized as essential to the formation of character. Mark the progress of fifty years not by the hands that move over the face of the clock that measures time by days, but rather those which record the years.

If They Could Speak

BISMARCK, that once great German Chancellor, in his later days worried about his health, sent for a distinguished specialist. The specialist arrived. Shown into the old man's library, he plied him with questions. How much do you smoke? How much wine and beer do you drink? How about your diet? What exercise do you take? "Hold on," said Bismarck, "I didn't ask you to come here to fire at me a battery of questions but to tell what my trouble is." "Oh," replied the specialist, "you should have sent for a veterinarian." Alas, the veterinarian can ask no questions of his patient. He has to listen to no long tale of aches and pains. Eyes, hands, ears and experience must find out, if possible, the cause of the sickness and the cure.

If only, facing the gigantic problem of the slaughter of our food animals, we could get them to tell us by what means the least painful death comes to them! Experts, applying the special electric current which we are so hoping is to reduce to the minimum in our slaughter-houses the suffering of cattle, sheep and swine, up to the present can only say, "We believe this method produces complete unconsciousness to pain till death ensues from the bleeding process, but if only after the shock, letting the animal return to consciousness, we could get him to tell us just what his experience was." Every effort is being made by two of the country's largest abattoirs to answer this question beyond all doubt.

Horses and mules on farms in 1900, 32,465,000; in 1930, 18,762,000. In cities in 1900, 6,500,000; in 1930, 1,500,000.

Who said before a microphone that carried his voice over half the world, "War hurts everybody, benefits nobody except the profiteers, and settles nothing?" Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, "England's greatest living soldier."

A Great Occasion

HERE was held in Denver, Colorado, during the last days of July a notable conference. Three thousand delegates representing every nation in the world were present. It was a Joint Conference of the World Federation of Education Associations and the International Federation of Home and School. This latter organization is a development of the work of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. Strange to say, upon the foundation stones of the Municipal Auditorium where the Conference was held were inscribed the prophetic words from Isaiah, "Let all the nations be assembled, and let all the people be gathered." "International Understanding through Service" was the general theme under which many phases of this broad subject so vital to the future of the nations were discussed.

With pride we tell our readers that our representative, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, of Tacoma, Washington, who has been also our official representative in the work of the Parent-Teacher Association for some years, was among the speakers honored by the invitation to address this great gathering. She chose for her subject "Humane Education — Its Basic Teaching the Promotion of Justice and Good Will to All." So far has our American Humane Education Society made itself a recognized factor in national and international movements for peace, good will among the nations, and the things that make for a finer citizenship.

Cuba

A plea for financial help comes out of Cuba to carry on the work founded by Mrs. Ryder. It would be a pity if her Band of Mercy, with its twenty-five years of service to the Island, had to cease its activities because of an empty treasury. Gifts should be made payable to the Band of Mercy, Paula 77, Esq. Picota, Havana.

American Humane Association Convention will be held in Grand Rapids, Mich., October 19-22.

Tell Me Why?

WILLA HOEY

*I could not kill a squirrel,
Just to rob him of his coat;
To make a smart fur jacket,
Or a choker for my throat;
I'd rather see him wear it,
For he needs it more than I;
His life's not mine—God gave it—
I should take it—tell me why?*

Man-Made Fur Conserves Natural Animal Supply

FURTHER conservation of the natural supply of fur-bearing animals is seen in the latest development in man-made furs, a realistic material woven from mohair, the fleece of the Angora goat.

This product, developed at Sanford Mills, Sanford, Maine, since some fifty years ago of the invention of the world's first power



"KOONGORA," A FUR-LIKE FABRIC MADE FROM MOHAIR

wire loom for weaving mohair, represents an achievement in weaving comparable to that of the first power-produced mohair fabric. For the first time in the history of the textile industry, a loom has been devised that will handle long and short hairs at the same time, leaving a shaggy, truly fur-like appearance. The new fabric called "Koongora" because of its close resemblance to genuine coonskin is not only dyed to resemble the natural animal fur, but its texture and other qualities are closely like those of the animal product.

Experiments with mohair had been in progress for some time, but one of the troubles of the products was that they were too smooth on the surface.

The months of experimenting, however, have resulted in the invention of a loom that weaves both long and short fibers at the same time, thus getting away from the severely mechanical appearance that had characterized most of the previous samples. Special coloring processes were developed and after further research a satisfactory material was developed.

The "Koongora" fur is more nearly a genuine fur than many other synthetic products, for the reason that the mohair fibers more nearly resemble those of real fur. They are smooth on the surface and have a central canal or passage which holds a certain amount of natural oil and thus preserves the life and lustre of the fabric. Mohair is hair, and not wool, so that the fur woven from it is a distinctly closer approach to the real product than are other materials made from vegetable fibers.

Mohair can now be woven into many other fur-like fabrics and with the special methods of dyeing developed at Sanford Mills, a wide variety of interesting new materials for coats, trimmings and for other uses is introduced. One of the advantages of the "Koongora" is that it does not readily absorb water. Moisture collecting on the mohair fibers is easily shaken off and the coat is thus allowed to dry in a comparatively short time.

Wild West Show in Straits

When the Wild West Show, known as the 101 Ranch, was held up in Washington, D. C., recently, through financial reverses and unpaid salaries to its employees, its predicament was attributable to the loss of patronage. The local Humane Society went to the relief of the stranded animals, fed, watered and cared for them until affairs were so adjusted as to permit the outfit to depart for headquarters in the West. The Society interprets the collapse of the show to a waning popularity of such performances here in the East. It is undoubtedly right. It further points out that the reason for this is the constant opposition to such shows by the Humane Societies (and we would add the Jack London Club), because of the cruelties to which the animals in them are often subjected. Here is a problem that promoters must face.

It is all right to conserve the wild life of the forests but what to do with the wild life of the cities is a grave problem, says an Exchange. Well, the gunmen, too, are accounting for a few.

A small boy, leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

"What are you holding on to your brother so tight for, sonny?" asked one of them.

"So he won't join the army," the youngster replied.

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Involves Maiming, Killing and Abuse

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An Oppressed One Speaks

MARGUERITE WARREN BURRILL

AM a captive bear. My home is in a small pen at a roadside "zoo"—and it is not a pleasant one. My freedom is limited and impeded by a heavy chain, one end being fastened to a stake in the ground, the other slipped through a collar about my neck.

The little space of ground o'er which I ceaselessly, restlessly, walk is pounded down to a cement-like hardness beneath my worn pads.

The big bear that has lived in the same pen with me for three years says that the forest is a very different place than our present "home". He declares that there it is cool and dim and that the earth is soft and yielding with its rich carpet of moss and pine-needles, that bright silvery streams tumble noisily from the rocky hillsides into the flower-gemmed valleys below, that the air is fragrant and the birds sing from trees and thickets, and that is the best place for wild animals like us to live.

Sometimes after a summer rain the perfume of the woods and fields is borne to me and then I feel strangely home-sick and a vague, insistent longing fills my heart—then I know that what the old bear says is true.

Although I am still young, my teeth are not strong, and my gums are weak and flaccid. Candy, pop-corn, cookies and "bear-beer" (a sickish concoction of sugar and water) have already begun their fatal



CRUELTY COMPOUNDED

work. My fur is not sleek and dense like that of the forest bears, nor are my eyes as bright as theirs. But then, only healthy bears have fine fur and bright eyes and rarely are the pitiful occupants of roadside "zoos" good specimens of their kind.

The other poor victims of man's money-greed, languishing in the cramped confines of their prison, share and return my sympathy. The timid lemur that peeps fear-

fully over the edge of its too-small box; the slim shadow of a fox that cowers always behind its smelly, dirty cage; the bedraggled porcupine that crouches in a dowdy heap in a corner of its odorous pen.

All these creatures suffer as I suffer, robbed as they are of their natural food and environment. Sometimes a kind visitor comes and looks at us a long time and goes away with tear-misted eyes, and a grimly purposeful manner.

Better than the average, stick-poking, sneering, contemptuous people are these human sympathizers. Because it is through their concerted efforts that the day of our deliverance from this unnatural servitude will dawn—and so, no longer penalized, we shall again seek the grateful quietude of our beloved woodlands and meadows.

The Much-Maligned Crow

THE common crew of America holds every whit of interest, of trick, of manner and of character that is held by his first cousin, the raven, and yet the raven holds larger place in prose and poetry than all the other birds combined, while the crow, *Corvus Americanus*, can count his tributes of prose and poetry upon his claws.

"There were three crows sat on a tree," with its few following lines descriptive of the bird's fondness for battening on horse flesh, represents about all that the muse has done for *Corvus*. They are lasting lines, however, and give promise of as long life as that of the bird.

"Black as a crow" has become a proverb of comparison. The man who ventures to say that the crow is not black probably will be set down at once as one who knows not the truth, but here is the statement flatly: The crow is not black. His plumage when the sun strikes it full and fair shines with tints of bronze and blue and purple. Light is needed to bring out brightness in all things, and the crow is not to be held responsible because the first man who saw him and dubbed him black met him on a dark day.

The crow has a price on his head. He has been called a thief since the day that his ancestor came out of the ark. The crow's character, like his feathers, is nothing as black as man has seen fit to paint it. When the farmer reaches for his gun because *Corvus* is at work in the field, supposedly pulling up the newly planted corn, the chances are more than even that the bird is doing nothing of the kind, but that he is attempting to save the corn by killing the cutworms.

It is true that the crow robs the nests of other birds; it is true, also, that on occasion he steals grain, but men who have made a thorough study of his food habits are convinced that the good that he does balances the evil.

When nature finds that the crow has multiplied to an extent that makes him a menace, disease strikes the flock and the scale of life and death is readjusted. The Mother has no need of man's aid in her work, but man will continue to force it upon her until that day when his own loss presses home a lesson and he learns that wisdom is not all his own.

EDWARD B. CLARK

The "Little Horse" That Couldn't Be Forgotten

Justin Morgan, Founder of the Famous Family of Morgan Horses

ROWLAND EVERETT BAIRD

ALL the big people who had seen him or heard about him called him the "big, little horse." That was because, standing fourteen hands high and weighing about nine hundred and fifty pounds, Justin Morgan could out-pull, out-walk, and out-step any of the larger and much heavier horses whom he ever met.

There are a great many stories about Justin Morgan told in Randolph, Vermont, where he first became known as an un-



BRONZE STATUE AT MIDDLEBURY, VT., IN MEMORY OF JUSTIN MORGAN

usual horse. They still tell how the "little horse" pulled a heavy pine log ten rods, when horses weighing 1,200 pounds and over had failed to move it even a short distance.

But these stories that tell about the things he did by virtue of his tremendous strength and courage, fail to tell the best story of all: how the "little horse" earned for himself and gave to his family a name that is known and venerated among horse-lovers the world over.

Justin Morgan was named after his owner who had lived on a farm in the "Brush Hill" district of West Springfield, Massachusetts, and later, selling the farm, moved with his family to Randolph, Vermont. It was on this "Brush Hill" farm that Justin Morgan, the "little horse," was born in 1793, foaled by "True Briton" or "Beautiful Bay," an English thoroughbred who had changed owners during the Revolutionary War and, falling into good hands on the American side, changed names as well.

His life is touched with irony when we consider that even though a champion of all horses in his neighborhood, he was not

considered of any great value because of his small size.

Mr. Morgan, who had first taken him to his Vermont farm, died when the colt was but five years old. After that, his namesake changed hands frequently, sometimes in payment of debts, and at other times being purchased at a good price because of his reputation which had continued to spread through the surrounding country.

For seven years he lived on a stock farm in Vermont. It was here that he left the several sons who were destined to become even more famous than their hard-working sire. Thus he gave to the country the first of the great "Morgan" family, renowned for those four qualities of the perfect horse: speed, endurance, beauty and gentleness.

He died in the winter of 1821 at the age of twenty-nine, his strength unimpaired by his years. His death was by no means due to old age, but rather to exposure and the lack of proper care following an injury received while being pastured with other horses.

Today, the Government considers Morgan horses so valuable for Government work that it maintains an extensive breeding farm in Middlebury, Vermont, known as the "Morgan Horse Farm," where the Morgan Horse Club has erected a fine bronze statue to the famous progeny of the "big, little horse," the first Morgan.

And on the little "Brush Hill" farm in West Springfield, Massachusetts, there has been placed a tablet that tells all who stop to read:

"FROM THIS FARM CAME THE STALLION, 'JUSTIN MORGAN,' PROGENITOR OF THAT USEFUL BREED KNOWN AS MORGAN HORSES."

Wherever a Morgan horse is found, it is sure to be recognized; true to type in every particular: the "little horse" that couldn't be forgotten.

Hard Times for the Farmer

How far, we wonder, has the replacement of the horse and mule by auto and tractor been responsible for the farmer's financial trouble? Today only 52,905,000 acres are required to produce or maintain the present animal power units. In 1900, the farmer found that for this same purpose the produce of 107,162,500 acres were needed.

When Were Iron Horseshoes First Used?

The practice of nailing iron plates or rim-shoes to the hoofs apparently originated about the second century, B.C., in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. It was not commonly known till about the fifth century, and iron horseshoes were not regularly used until the middle ages.

—Animal Life

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

The Water Ouzel or American Dipper

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

THE water ouzel, or American dipper, is indigenous to the mountains of the Pacific coast. It is the one bird in the world equally at home in the water and in the air. Whether the ouzel flies, or swims in the turbulent mountain torrents is a debated question, but the fact remains that, when completely submerged, it

When the babies are old enough to leave home, the parent birds continue to feed them for some time. One mother ouzel and two lusty adolescents were watched one early spring morning in the rapids below Wahkeena falls, also on the Columbia river highway.

The youngsters stood on the rocks at the edge, and how they did clamor for their breakfast! Mother Ouzel was a busy bird indeed. Over and over she dashed into the current, where sometimes in the stiller pools, she might be seen frantically



THE OUZEL LOVES "THE RUSHING TORRENT AND THE DASHING CASCADE"

does propel itself by its wings up-stream against a current so strong a man could not keep his footing in it, much less maintain his equilibrium on the slippery bottom, while searching for its food.

While it is a true land bird, the ouzel, however, is well-equipped to play a dual role. Its slaty-gray plumage—a perfect camouflage against its environment of boulders, fallen logs and foaming cataracts—is water-proofed like a duck's; its eyes are protected by a third and nictitating lid; its strong yellow feet, while not webbed, are large in proportion to the size of its body.

The ouzel is always to be found in the proximity of mountain streams: It builds its nest—a large ball of moss and clay with an opening at one side—on rocky ledges so near a waterfall that the spray keeps it continually moist.

Sometimes it actually nests back of a waterfall. Such a nest was under official observation for three successive summers, by R. Bruce Horsfall, photographer for the National Geographic Society. Mr. Horsfall reports the site of this unique abode to be on a cliff high above possible dangers from snakes and weasels, and behind the terrific force of the lower cascade of Multnomah Falls on the Columbia river highway.

Every one of the innumerable trips necessary to nest construction, and later for the feeding of the young, had to be made, both going and coming, through those falling tons of water! Blasting for trail construction the fourth year, ruined the ledge for the ouzel's purposes.

foraging on the bottom, or swimming, always against the current, to a more propitious spot.

On coming to the surface with a supply of periwinkles in her bill, she deposited them into a gaping mouth—rotating methodically and playing no favorites—and then off she dashed for more. In the hour the group were under observation, they progressed about two hundred feet downstream.

After each feeding mother and children curtsied politely to each other; to this amusing, wren-like habit of bobbing, or dipping, the family owes its name of Dipper.

Ouzels seldom sing during the mating season, but fishermen report hearing their delightful songs later in the summer. W. S. Raker, Oregon naturalist, tells of his amazement at hearing an ouzel sing in the mid-winter solitudes of the Cascades. Mr. Raker also affirms John Muir's observations of instances where these little gray birds swim, or fly under thin ice from one air hole to another, in lakes, both in the Sierras and the Rockies.

While only found in considerable numbers on the west coast, the ouzel occurs infrequently in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the Black Hills of the Dakotas. A close relative of the American species was discovered by Willard Ayres Eliot, a northwestern ornithologist of note, during the World War in the French Pyrenees. The origin of the family has been traced back to the Himalayas.

Forest Folk

A. LESLIE

*Bright eyes in the white dark glowing,
Supple bodies rippling, flowing:
Lordly antlers, velvet fur,
Silken pinions' swish and whir.
Swift fangs whiter than the snow
Where the toed trails come and go.
Grim pursuit and frantic flight
Through the silver-shadowed night:
Whimpering cry—the swift stroke rends;
Peace: the tragic drama ends!*

*They say you shall not live again—
God rest you, merry gentlemen!*

Western Mockingbird

T. CHAMBERS ATKINSON

WHAT Robin Redbreast is to the Eastern states this glorious songster is to the Southwest. He is as sociable as the robin; and he spends most of his time hunting earthworms on the lawn, or singing lustily from a chimney top.

His outstanding characteristic is that of mocking other birds. However, he does not limit his mocking to the songs of other birds. One individual, who spent much of his time in a honeysuckle vine beneath my window, mimicked the pathetic cries of lost baby chickens. Undoubtedly he had picked up this unusual "song" while feeding in some poultry run.

Later in the year this same bird seemed to take great delight in mocking the harsh notes emanating from a near-by corner where automobile brakes were constantly shrieking!

On a moonlight night he cannot restrain his love for singing. He becomes a warbler and a roller all in the same bundle of feathers, and he sings the long night through.



OUR NATIONAL SONG BIRD

Sea Birds and Oil Pollution

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:

On July 29 Sir Cooper Rawson introduced a bill in Parliament to make the use of separators compulsory on oil-carrying ships. Such separators are in use on H.M. ships and tankers, and are fitted to most of the vessels of the Cunard, White Star, Elder Dempster, and Union Castle Lines. All report that the separators are satisfactory, and that the upkeep was practically nil because of the saving in fuel which is capable of use a second time. It is computed that about two million tons of crude oil are pumped out into the sea from oil-driven vessels daily. The oil discharged remains on the surface and forms a thick scum which drifts for great distances until it reaches the shore. This brings a lingering death to countless numbers of sea birds of all kinds; the sight of these hapless creatures is a distressing one. The "Oil in Navigable Waters Act of 1922" merely forbids the discharge of oil within the three-mile limit outside which the Government has no control and as the matter calls for international action, it is regrettable to record that an International Conference held in Washington in 1926 hesitated to recommend the compulsory installation of oil separators even for vessels above a certain tonnage. In May, 1927, the British Navy was forbidden to discharge oil within fifty miles from the coast, but this merely delays the arrival of the oil on the beaches, on which it is driven by the prevailing winds. In November, 1928, a resolution was passed at a meeting of members of Parliament and others urging the Government to introduce legislation on the lines of the bill now introduced by Sir Cooper Rawson. It is needless to add that the proposed measure has been constantly advocated and promoted by the united efforts of the various Bird Protection Societies, the Royal S. P. C. A., and the Scottish S. P. C. A. It is a subject upon which those resident at some distance from the seaboard are naturally largely in ignorance. The 91st Annual Report of this Society gives further particulars on the subject, with photographs taken at Luce Bay. I will be glad to hear from any of your readers who may be interested.

Yours &c.,

LYNDESAY G. LANGWILL, Sec.

Scottish S. P. C. A., 19 Melville Street,
Edinburgh

"Lay down, pup, lay down," ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say, 'Lie down', mister," declared a small bystander, "that's a Boston terrier."

When we are told then that a visit to the Zoological Gardens is "an education," the question arises—an education in what? A few generations ago it was the fashion to cage pauper lunatics where passers-by could see them, and the nurses would pleasantly take the children in their charge to have a peep at the maniacs! It may be that the future generation will equally marvel that the sight of caged animals could give any pleasure to our children, and our grown-up children, to whom the zoo is now a paradise.

HENRY S. SALT

Report of Fondouk at Fez
for July

July 1931, 31 days

Daily average, large animals	71	
Daily average, dogs	14	
		Francs
Forage for large animals		6,853.00
Forage for dogs		192.75
Wages		1,854.00
Salaries		4,800.00
Put to sleep	11	Cost
Dead	2	
Sundries		703.00
Total		14,590.00
		(About \$572.00)

By buying at wholesale, and due to the location of the Fondouk, about two-thirds of the supplies are delivered free from any city tax.

From the Secretary-General

So deeply rooted is the belief of the Arabs in the application of red-hot irons as a cure for all ills, that we often despair about ever being able to put a stop to these practices, handicapped as we are by the lack of any existing legal remedies that can be enforced.

I have frequently given examples of the great variety of ailments, ranging from lack of appetite to pneumonia, for which I have seen that the native "Vet" uses this "cure".

Here is another barbarous and, if possible, even more useless practice. When a native finds that his donkey gets short of breath—this of course being purely from over exertion—he will split its nostrils, supposedly with the idea of giving it a larger space through which to breathe!

All Western science to these people is merely magic. A population that for centuries has believed that to recite the Koran parrot-fashion is to be wholly educated, can hardly be expected to have a very highly developed power of reasoning, and their religion teaches them to be self-satisfied and contemptuous of all other creeds, faiths, or standards of life.



FIRING—A CRUEL AND SENSELESS CUSTOM

A Sad Case

Not only had this wretched donkey had fire brands applied to its shoulders and haunches, but also to its head and neck as is here clearly shown. The little boy is actually the proprietor of the donkey, and of some twenty others besides. We asked him why on earth he had done such a stupid and cruel thing, and his reply was: "The donkey was not going well, so I had the fire put on because fire is good for donkeys. He was a stupid donkey, so I had the fire put on his head, too." We were able to save the donkey's life after slow and careful treatment. The child has also promised never to have the fire applied again. Also we are watching his donkeys, and have threatened him with all kinds of punishments if he does not keep his word.

August Report for Fez

Just as we go to press the report comes for August. The superintendent writes:

"The Fondouk is full. I could not take another animal. We had so many brought in by the Arabs, that I have six standing in the operation room. Otherwise I would have had to refuse them. Since Sunday always more than eighty, and here they just bring in another horse. I do hope we will be able to build this year. We have quite a lot of horses with bad eyes. You see they now thresh out the grain with them, and dust and dirt get in their eyes."

Large animals	576
Daily average	82
Dogs	153
Dogs' food	Frs. 52.50
Put to sleep	5

The Fondouk is too full, but you see I hate to refuse to take in animals."

This report shows the pressing need of enlarging our Fondouk. We have already appealed for special gifts for this purpose. Originally it was thought \$1,500 would be sufficient. Later study of the situation puts the cost of enlarging, if the work is properly done, at nearer \$3,000. Who will help in addition to those who have up to the present subscribed for the greatly needed addition? We shall not undertake it until the money is pledged for it.

"Verily there are rewards for doing good to dumb animals and giving them water to drink."

—The Koran

"The beasts of the field and the birds of the air, are all a People like unto you, and unto Allah shall they return."

—The Koran

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1931

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 500 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Young Men's Christian Association and Vivisection

THE Vivisection Investigation League of New York has published a report of a series of experiments carried on in the Young Men's Christian Association College Laboratory for Physiological Research in Physical Education, of Chicago, Illinois. These experiments consisted of keeping dogs running on treadmills on a 22% grade, the treadmill driven by a motor; overheating in a large electric heater; and keeping them swimming in a small swimming-pool where an attendant kept the animal's feet off the edges of the pool, forcing it to swim. One of the experimenters, a Dr. Steinhause, says "Concerning the use of the hypodermic syringe, I should like to say two things: (a) It is only rarely that we have to hold the dogs when inserting the needle to draw the blood; evidently they feel no pain. (b) With the same needle, and in some cases even more frequently, we draw samples from human beings." To say the least, we think the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association might well devote its activities to other purposes. It will certainly surprise most supporters of these organizations to learn of these experiments. There are many medical and other laboratories with trained experimenters quite competent to tell young men how far certain physical exercises may be carried and how far they may do more harm than good.

Dogs and Crime

A writer in the *Denver Post* says,

"A survey of one of the largest penitentiaries revealed the fact that less than 1 per cent of the inmates had a dog or any pet to play with as a child!"

"The companionship of a dog teaches the boy to be kind, loving, faithful and trustworthy. Not only that, the time the lad spends with his dog is not spent in idleness or mischief, which is often the foundation for a life of crime."

"Where such a companionship is possible every boy should have a dog, for such companionship helps to build character, which is, after all, the only safe, sure crime preventive!"

Electrocution or Lethalization?

By the President, Mr. W. G. ACOCKS, of the New South Wales R. S. P. C. A.

SOME members of our Society having expressed doubt as to whether lethalization by coal gas, as carried on at our King Edward Dogs' Home was as effective as electrocution or other means, I have made it my business to investigate the matter.

I have visited the Battersea Lost Dogs' Home twice, North London Dogs' Home (conducted by "Our Dumb Friends' League"), Animals' Rescue Home (conducted by Royal S.P.C.A.), Scottish S.P.C.A. Lethal Chamber (Edinburgh), the Home for Stray Dogs and Cats (Edinburgh), the Glasgow and West of Scotland Dogs' and Cats' Home at Glasgow.

I found that in nearly all, except the Battersea Home, electrocution had been carried on, but was abandoned early in 1930 after some tests had been made by the Royal S.P.C.A.

These tests were carried out on two occasions by three eminent veterinary surgeons.

The tests showed that in some cases after two seconds, and in one case four seconds' exposure to the electric current, the cats were still conscious.

As regards dogs, several tests showed that the animals were conscious after three seconds' exposure to the electric current.

It was found that the apparatus used was in good order, but that it was possible, though it did not occur in the subject tests, that cats or dogs could occasionally avoid contact with the current and that the apparatus could get out of order if not handled by experts.

Though the animals were still conscious for periods as above mentioned, it would only be ascertained by vivisection as to whether or not they suffered pain, but vivisection would not be permitted by the Royal S.P.C.A. Newspaper correspondence showed that while in one case of electrocution of a man he felt no pain, until resuscitated, in another case the man felt great pain.

Similar tests with similar results were carried out at the Edinburgh Home for Stray Dogs and Cats.

The effects of these tests was the reversion to or adoption by the Royal S.P.C.A. and other societies of the following means of destruction of diseased or unwanted dogs and cats:—

- (1) Shooting:—
 - (a) Dogs by "Webley Pistol."
 - (b) Cats by "Cash Humane Killer."
- (2) Chloroform:—
 - (a) Chloroform only by hand.
 - (b) Chloroform spray diffused—
 - (1) by a kettle; (2) by engine.
 - (c) Chloroform with carbon dioxide gas added.
 - (d) Chloroform after injection of morphia.
- (3) Lethalization by coal gas (carbon monoxide).

Lethalization by coal gas, I am satisfied, if properly performed, is equal to, or even more painless and efficacious than any other process. It is also simpler and

cheaper, so I think that members of our Society should be perfectly satisfied as to our methods at the King Edward Dogs' Home.—From the *R.S.P.C.A. Journal*, New South Wales.

A Modern Horror

THIS is what an English clergyman calls the treatment of horses shipped from the Canadian West to France for human food. We dare not tell here the story of what he says his own eyes witnessed at the market place just outside of Paris, where these sad creatures after the suffering endured through the long land and ocean voyage are unloaded and sold, and what he also saw at the place of their slaughter. One can hardly credit his story. That such appalling cruelty could be permitted in any civilized country seems incredible. It is a damning reproach to the French authorities who could stop it.

Steps are being taken by the Toronto S. P. C. A. to have an investigation made by the Canadian Government, and we, ourselves, are seeking through such influence as we can exert across the water to call attention to this modern horror and to arouse public sentiment against it.

Will Rogers

In a brief article syndicated by the McNaught Synd., Inc., this popular talker said of his friend, O. O. McIntyre, "He gives, I have often thought, more space in his column to his little dog than I do to the United States Senate. He knows that everybody at heart loves a dog, while I have to try and make converts to the Senate." Then he further says, "In London, five years ago, old Lord Dewar, a great humorist and character, gave his children a little white dog (Sealingham), saying 'If this dog knew how well he was bred he wouldn't speak to any of us. We have petted him, complained at him, called him a nuisance, but when we buried him yesterday, we couldn't think of a wrong thing he had ever done. His bravery was his undoing. He lost to a rattlesnake, but his face was towards him'."

A Hospital for Fish

The little French magazine, *L'Ami des Animaux*, tells the following, mention of which we had not noticed in any English paper: "In the city of Toronto, Canada, there has just been opened a hospital for fish, the only one of its kind in the world. From all parts of North America sick fish are sent to it, suffering from inflammation of the eyes or from other maladies, even sometimes needing a surgical operation. Each fish is placed in a jar of water to the side of which is affixed a card containing the diagnosis and symptoms such as are necessary for the veterinarians."

"Is it not a reproach that man is a carnivorous animal? Whatever my own practice may be, I have no doubt that it is part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized."

THOREAU



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	13,613
Cases investigated	678
Animals examined	3,803
Number of prosecutions	26
Number of convictions	23
Horses taken from work	87
Horses humanely put to sleep	43
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,315
 Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	38,310
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	11

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Isabella J. Neal of Boston.

September 8, 1931.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offers a reward of \$20 for evidence which will convict for the criminal offense of abandoning a cat, in this State.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Ass't Chief
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered 624	Cases 1,849
Dogs 405	Dogs 1,476
Cats 210	Cats 331
Horses 7	Birds 34
Birds 2	Horses 5
Operations 462	Rabbits 2
	Alligator 1
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915	
	97,362
Dispensary Cases	
	204,518
Total	301,880

No More Ear Cropping

The time draws nearer when the ear-cropping of more than a half-dozen breeds of dogs will cease. This prediction is based upon the recently proposed recommendation of the American Kennel Club directors who set the styles and dictate the rules governing competitive exhibitions of dogs. The new ruling provides that "any dog whelped after Jan. 1, 1933, whose ears have been cropped or cut in any way shall be ineligible to compete at any show held in the four states which have passed laws prohibiting cropping." Our authority for this statement is the *Dog World*.

Horses Watered in Boston

During the month of August horses were given water 11,465 times at the five stations maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. This makes a total of 27,619 since the free service was started in June.

For the past fifteen years our Society has extended this measure of relief to the work horses of the city, drinking fountains and water troughs for animals having been banned by state authority and such as have not been removed from the streets and squares rendered useless for all time. In contrast to this situation we note that in Washington, D. C., and its suburbs there have been 120 animal drinking fountains in operation during the hot weather.

Let's Kill Something

Washington, Aug. 12.—The number of big game animals in the National Forests has passed the million mark, according to the annual census by the Forest Service. The average increase in the last year was 9 per cent, chiefly in deer, although elk also have gained considerably. The number of deer in the National Forests is estimated at close to 900,000.

To the above the contributor added the terse comment, "A fine title!"

S. P. C. A. Auxiliary Fair

THE annual Fair and Hospitality Day of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will be held at the Hotel Vendome, November 6, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

New and attractive features will be added to this already popular Bazaar, where so many friends, new and old, come each year to enjoy the social gathering and help the cause of animals. There will be the following tables: Candy, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman; White Elephant, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman; Utility, Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, chairman; Food, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, chairman; also Children's, Apron, and other tables, affording dainty and useful articles in wide variety.

A seeress will be on hand to read the future of those who "cross her hand with a piece of silver."

There will be tables for Bridge, from 2 to 5 P.M., in charge of Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt.

Cafeteria Luncheon, and Afternoon Tea will be served, over which Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke will preside.

The chairmen and their committees are working hard to make this the largest and best of all the Fairs they have held.

Contributions of funds or articles for sale will be greatly appreciated and may be sent to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Come and help those who cannot help themselves.

We are pleased to announce also the Grace Morrison Poole Campaign Day on November 4, at the Copley Plaza Hotel, when several members of the S. P. C. A. Auxiliary will serve on committees for that occasion.

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions in August

For cruelly beating a dog with an axe, a defendant was fined \$25.

Working a horse unfit for labor by reason of lameness, \$25.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty and suffering upon a horse, fine \$100, one week to pay.

Cruelly beating a cat by shooting, plea of *nolo* allowed, sentence continued from day to day.

Driving a mule afflicted with gall sores, \$15 fine.

Selling a horse that was unfit for labor, \$10 fine.

Permitting a horse to be worked when unfit for labor, guilty, fine \$25.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty on horse by over-driving and beating, sentence thirty days to House of Correction, suspended for one year.

For cruelly abandoning a cat and four kittens, offender on a plea of *nolo* was fined \$100.

Inflicting unnecessary suffering upon three dogs by docking their tails, fine \$50.

Working an unfit horse, \$5 fine.

For poisoning two pigs, defendant was given a two-months' suspended sentence to House of Correction and put on probation for one year.

(Continued on page 160, col. 3)



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts**Field Representative**

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Constantinople

FROM this far off city, now called Istanbul, comes the annual report of its S. P. C. A. in which one of our members, Mrs. A. W. Manning, long connected with Robert College, has been so deeply interested and for which she has done so much. It has a hospital and clinic where last year 1,054 animals were given free service as against 475 the year before. Besides all the service rendered to sick and injured animals, 1,300 unwanted or injured or diseased dogs were humanely put to sleep, 982 cats and 27 horses, 484 cages for little birds destroyed and 3,000 bird-limed sticks, branches, and other similar devices for catching birds seized. The society has been doing excellent humane education work through the schools and by the distribution of literature. Many hundreds have been enrolled in Bands of Mercy, and, for the nineteenth time at Robert College has occurred the annual Angell Prize Speaking Contest.

Register your disapproval of performing animals by joining the Jack London Club. Present membership over 525,000.

Pets for Prisoners

The well-known Alice Stone Blackwell says in a letter to the *Boston Herald* under this heading:

Many years ago the most violent and unmanageable woman in the Sherborn reformatory was made quite tractable by being put in charge of a baby calf that had to be brought up by hand. She became so fond of him that even after he grew into a big steer she would deprive herself of the sugar for her coffee to give it to him.

A man who served a term in prison as a political offender says that prisoners are starved for something to love, and that this is why they make such extraordinary pets, often becoming greatly attached to a mouse, or even to a spider.

It is said that in the United States more persons come out of prison every year than are graduated from all our colleges and universities. It is a matter of importance whether they come out of prison better or worse than they went in. Might it not be possible to arrange for allowing prisoners to keep some small pets, if only as a reward for good behavior?

From Alsace

A new and interesting humane publication—*Bulletin de la Société Protectrice des Animaux*—has come to us from Colmar, Alsace, France. There Madam Julien Kubler has founded a society which has started, apparently, with the enthusiastic support of a large membership. Work in the schools has been begun, the Week of Kindness was observed and exhibitions of humane literature and posters held, and the public generally aroused to the importance of animal welfare and humane education. Our own *Teacher's Helper* is being translated for use in the schools, subject to such modifications as may be needed to meet local conditions. We extend to Madame Kubler our congratulations upon her fine success.

Sparrows a Blessing

A Minnesota elevator manager makes his premises a veritable bird sanctuary. He feeds them on quack grass seed and screenings. He even maintains, beside the office, a flower garden for them, with watering basin where they continuously drink and bathe. Sparrows, bluebirds, robins, blackbirds, bluejays and all the bird tribe are there in great numbers. Sparrows, says this grain man, are a great blessing to a grain elevator. They rid the premises of bugs, beetles, moths, grasshoppers and all those insects that deteriorate grain and plant life. He says sparrows will not touch the grain as long as there are insects and screenings or weed seeds available. Their nesting nuisance, he argues, is very small in comparison to the good they do.

National Grain Journal

In the report of its work during the past ten years the All India Humanitarian League, whose head office is at Agra, states that 20,000 animals have come under its protective influences and that more than 75,000 have been saved from being mercilessly sacrificed.

Help Toward Disarmament

The following posters and stickers can be obtained by sending a postal to the War News Bulletin, 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.:

This Is the Time to Choose! Blue on white poster. 18 x 24 inches. Free.

Make the World Disarmament Conference a Success. Sticker for windshield. Red and blue on white. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches. 1ct. apiece, 100 for 60 cts. Sample free.

Do Your Part to Make the World Disarmament Conference a Success. Sticker for letters and parcels. Red and blue on white. 2 x 1 1/4 inches. 100 for 15 cts.

Dogs and Trolley Cars

LEO I. MOONEY

Atlantic City loves its dogs. And it loves the dogs of its many visitors too; so much that the trolley company there permits dogs to ride on the cars with their masters or mistresses, which is just the opposite of a great many trolley companies in cities the world over. In fact, the Atlantic City trolley company makes a ticket especially for the payment of the dog's fare, and these tickets can be bought at nine for fifty cents, so that one need feel under no obligation for his or her dog riding. The fare for the human riders is seven cents straight, so the company shows its appreciation of the dog by giving it a slight advantage.

A Painter and a Pig

AMELIA WOFFORD

In Giotto's time, the thirteenth century, pigs had the freedom of the streets of Florence.

One day, Giotto, walking out with a friend, stopped to make more emphatic the point in the story he was telling. A pig, rushing by, ran between his legs and knocked him over.

Was Giotto angry? Anger had a negligible place in his big, homely, humorous nature.

Laughing heartily, he got to his feet.

"He had first claim to the right of way, that fellow," he said to his companion. Have I not earned thousands of scudi by the help of his bristles? And yet I have never given to one of his family a cup of minestra."

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, Chairman of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, President of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

Peacock Fan

MARIE GRIMES

*I think that, long ago, God once began
To tire of making repetitious things—
Petals to measure — wings like other
wings—
And men by His sole pattern for a man;
And, idling, He conceived a gorgeous plan
Of blue and bronze and green embroid-
erings,
With borders of metallic scallopings,
To decorate a rich, amazing fan.*

*Then, off-days, when He grew too tired to
care
For common things, He worked an eye
of blue,
Delighting in the happy, piecemeal
task
Till it was done—and then, if one may
ask,
What did this trivial peacock ever do
To earn God's dazzling fancy work to wear?*

"I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes, madam," replied the milkman, "of course, we keep them in a pasture."

"I'm so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed. "I have been told that pasteurized milk is much the best." —*Watchman-Examiner*

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



VALLEY QUAIL—THE STATE BIRD OF CALIFORNIA

In Defense of the "Hen-Hawk"

RICHARD F. LOUD

"No birds have been more maligned and misunderstood than these birds of prey," says Frank M. Chapman. "The misdeeds of two or three species have brought all the members of their family into disrepute. Because one hawk has been seen to catch a chicken all hawks are 'chicken hawks,' and, consequently, to be killed whenever opportunity offers."

THE so-called "hen-hawk" has been persecuted by farmers and gunners long enough, as have the eagle and the blue heron. And so it is very encouraging to see that at least one group of people has resolved to take the time and trouble to look before they shoot. I refer to the people of Westchester County, New York.

It is well known to ornithologists and bird-lovers that only two, or possibly three species of hawk, deserve such a name. They are the sharp-shinned, Cooper's and the goshawk; the latter is a very infrequent visitor in New England, however.

Doctor Fisher, the noted ornithologist, made an examination of the feeding habits of all our common hawks; the results of this inquiry should prove beyond doubt that the great majority of these birds are beneficial to man and to the farmer in particular. Goodness knows that farmers should not refuse any sort of assistance, now!

It was found, for example, that out of 562 red-tailed hawks examined, the stomachs of only 54 contained remains of poultry or game birds. These are the birds that are burdened with the name "hen-hawk." On the contrary, of 133 Cooper's hawks, the stomachs of 34 contained poultry or partridge remains.

The principal cause for the farmer's wrath against the inoffensive species is that he seldom sees the real marauder.

The latter usually stay in concealment most of the time, hidden by the thick foliage of tree or bush; they capture their prey by a sudden dash from the hiding place. This spring, in Lincoln, Mass., I accidentally saw a Cooper's do this very thing. The victim was a young pheasant.

The beneficial species are birds of the open. They are nearly always seen soaring high over a meadow or winging slowly just over the grass. Their habitual food consists of rats, field mice, grasshoppers, frogs, lizards and often small songbirds. Of course this last item of the list is one count to be credited against them, but it is to be expected. There are six species on this list of hawks, exclusive of the red-tailed. Included are the rough-legged, the fish hawk, the sparrow hawk, the broad-winged hawk, and the marsh hawk. The night hawk is too small to be mentioned.

One section of the resolution passed by the people of the county I first mentioned is as follows: "Whereas, repeated experience has proved that the average gunner cannot, and will not, distinguish between the beneficial and the destructive species and, because of the relatively greater abundance of the beneficial species and their habit of occupying more open territory, destroys them in greater numbers"

There it is. They will not distinguish! Not because they are incapable, but because the target is too tempting, too easily

brought down. The hunter who shoots, willfully, a bird or animal which he knows to be harmless is not worthy to be called "sportsman." The object of shooting is not to waste cartridges, but to make every shot count for something. The mere slaughter of a red-tailed hawk is nothing to brag about or even mention. Blood-lust is the



RED-TAILED HAWK

only plausible reason for the shooting that I can think of. If that is the reason, hunting should be given up altogether.

That section of the resolution is not complimentary to gunners anywhere.

Moreover the man who kills a hawk for his personal pleasure is depriving a hundred others of the joy of watching it drift on motionless pinions against the blue of the sky, of seeing it dive straight down and whirl up again with no apparent effort. I know that the ordinary man is thrilled by a sight like that; I am only an average American and I have enjoyed it many times. Thoreau said, or wrote, "He saw but a pheasant in the field . . . and stooped to seize it. This was his offense. He, the native of these skies, must make way for those bog-trotters of another land, which never soar. The eye that was conversant with sublimity, that looked down on earth from under its sharp projecting brow, is closed; the head that was never made dizzy by any height is brought low; the feet that were not made to walk on earth now lie useless along it. . . . Those wings which swept the sky must now dust the chimney-corner, perchance." Thus did Thoreau write, and likewise would I, if I had the gift to do so.

The plumage of the destructive hawks, too, is so easily recognized that a mistake is almost inexcusable. They are also from three to four inches shorter than the others (red-tailed and red-shouldered). Where the latter are brown, the former are gray. The tails of the beneficial species are spread like a fan in flight, where the tails of the others are long and squarer in shape.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

Some Animals I Have Known

VI. A Dog Who Was Not Wanted

NIXON WATERMAN

ONCE had friends living in Philadelphia who bought a puppy of no particular breed. They simply wished to own a dog and were not fussy about its having

a proud pedigree. In due season, the animal grew to mature doghood, but, unfortunately, it did not show signs of much intelligence. In fact, it was downright stupid in all its carryings-on. So stupid, that the various members of the family finally decided that a better and a brighter dog should be secured to take its place.

All this occurred a good many years ago, when the common manner of disposing of a dog or cat was to carry it away and drop it down in a section, where, it was to be hoped, somebody would want the discarded creature more keenly than did the ones who were disposing of it. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Animal Rescue League were not then functioning in the splendid, humane manner in which they are today.

So, as one of the members of the family was to make a trip by rail of a dozen miles, over many bridges and long, blind, devious ways, it was decided to give the dog a ride and turn it loose in a strange section where someone might be yearning for just such an animal.

The journey was made, and by night. The dog was cast away in the darkness, the poor, homeless victim of its own helpless stupidity. All because it didn't have brains enough to endear itself to members of its own family. In justice to the members of the family, it should be said that their consciences pricked them not a little at the rather cruel manner in which they had disposed of the unwanted, unfortunate member of their household. They hoped he would find a home in which canine intelligence was not in such keen demand.

And so they slept, and the next morning, when they arose, they found waiting at their door, the dog they had carried away because he lacked intelligence. They greeted him with great surprise and with loving kindness. The fact that he was able to make his way home over so blind and difficult a route convinced them that they possessed a dog that should ever after be given the friendliest of care, for its high degree of intelligence, if for nothing more; and it was given just that.

For the peace and happiness of coming generations and the greater safety of life and property, more humane education will be the best guaranty.

*All creatures and all objects, in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.
There are to whom the garden, grove and
field
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield.*

WORDSWORTH



The Biography of a Canary

*Sing away, aye, sing away,
Merry little bird,
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You ne'er sung nor heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.*

*Near the window wild birds fly,
Trees are waving round;
Fair things everywhere you spy
Through the glass pane's mystery,
Your small life's small bound
Nothing hinders your desire
But a little gilded wire.*

MRS. CRAIK

The Barbary Sheep

ESTHER E. REEKS

HERE are a number of wild sheep in different parts of the world. One of the largest and least sheep-like in appearance of these is the Barbary sheep inhabiting the Atlas and Aures mountains of North Africa and the higher, rocky regions of the Sahara Desert, where it would seem that little of either food or water could be found and where the sun pours down its rays with intense heat. During the day these sheep seek shelter in shallow caves or lie motionless on shelving rocks, which they so resemble in color as to make them almost invisible.

The tail of the Barbary is much longer than that of other wild sheep, and the females, as well as the males, are provided with long, curving horns. The hair is comparatively short, but on the chest of the male is a long mane, reaching nearly to the ground.

The young lambs of this species look much like little red kids. They are sometimes captured by the Arabs and raised as pets, when they become very tame and docile.

This sheep is a rarity in zoological gardens, but is sure to attract attention wherever it is seen.



A FEMALE BARBARY SHEEP AND HER HALF-GROWN YOUNG, WHICH RESEMBLE GOATS

A Man-Made Bird

JAMES GRAHAM WLY

HE canary bird, our little household pet and singer, is undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the feathered kind. A large number of beautiful specimens compose the attractive canary family.

Few persons are aware of the fact that canaries have not been always a family of beautiful birds, but it is true that their beauty and individuality are man-made.

This bird was first found in the Canary Islands, from which it acquired its name. There was nothing any more attractive about its appearance than our common sparrow, having a dull-colored feathering, but its singing voice was noticeable.

It was in the early part of the sixteenth century that a merchant from Europe, who was trading with the Canary Islands, noticed the remarkable voice of the little birds of those islands. He captured an enormous number of them, and set out for Europe, hoping to sell them as song birds.

The ship was wrecked, but fortunately, a sailor thought to free the birds. They took refuge on the nearest point of land, which happened to be the Isle of Elba. Here their numbers increased rapidly.

Very soon after the shipwreck, they were transported in large numbers into the countries of Europe. Then began the breeding and domestication, which brought about marked changes in their appearance.

In every European country they were bred with various other birds. This has been continued until there is an unlimited variety of species throughout the world. The German productions are the most famous.

One of the most fascinating things relating to canaries is the training of their singing voices. In doing this, a number of the birds are put in a room together with a "canary organ," which is placed in a corner. At first, the machine is sounded, so as to imitate the whistle of the ordinary untutored canary. Then, by gradual steps, the sound is improved until it has reached an imitation of the highest standard of canary voice. Birds that reach the pinnacle are easily sold at a handsome price. Others are priced in accordance to the heights they reach.

In some cases, only the mother birds are given the vocal training, and this is done just before their brooding. By this method, the mother bird is able to translate the notes correctly to her little ones. In most cases, the brood of a good singing mother bird become good singers, merely through the guidance of their maternal teaching.

Canary breeding is a principal industry in many countries of the world, and it is, unfortunately for the birds, a profitable one.

Humane education lowers the criminal record of every country and of every state where it has been tried.

"Well, who's been waiting the longest?" asked a physician, cheerfully, as he opened the door of his consultation office.

"I think I have, doctor," said a tailor, arising and presenting a bill. "I delivered your clothes three years ago."

The Weasel's Clever Tricks

How He Danced for His Supper

P. B. PRIOR

THE cleverest actor I have ever seen in the wilds is the weasel. In spite of his small size he is one of the greatest hunters of the countryside, and certainly the most persistent. He works harder than most wild creatures for his meals and seems to thoroughly enjoy his hunting, for he kills far more than he can eat.

Many times I have watched him following on the trail of a rabbit, or a "winged" partridge or pheasant, and as he does not know what defeat means, he usually obtains his meal in the end.

Sometimes the weasel will stalk his prey; at other times he comes upon it suddenly and springs like a cat. Often he follows on the trail of a rabbit until the timid creature, worn down with fear, allows the hunter to approach and capture it.

But when the weasel is really hungry, and cannot find food by hunting, he performs a wonderful feat. He dances before his prey, and one I knew saw some rabbits feeding in a corner of a field and played his marvelous trick on them.

It would have been impossible for the weasel to have stalked right up to one of those rabbits in the open, so he crept through the grass to within a dozen yards of them. Then, discarding all cover, he came boldly out into the open and began to dance. If there had been an orchestra there he could not have performed better. First one rabbit and then another stopped feeding, until all, sitting on their haunches, lifted their ears and gazed in wonderment at the dancer.

This small whirlwind among the grass was more than their inquisitive nature could stand. One by one they came a few paces nearer. The weasel worked harder, jumped up in the air, and turned over and over as he rose or fell, until he appeared to be made of springs.

But there was one thing that these innocent rabbits did not realize. All the time the clever little hunter was working himself nearer to the bunny he had marked. As he watched, it appeared to be impossible for that living catherine-wheel to be able to take in his surroundings, but he had picked a good, fat rabbit, one that he knew would make a tender meal. There were some large, some small, and some half-grown, and it was to one of the latter that the weasel was dancing.

Closer came the unsuspecting creatures, but the weasel still danced; it would not do for him to spring too soon. I have seen a rabbit escape from the far more powerful polecat by kicking at it, the latter being sent head-over-tail for a good distance.

The weasel continued to act more and more vigorously, until he was only four feet from his prey. Now he landed on all four feet; his usual yellow back was arched; there was a fierce gleam of triumph in his bright eyes—and he sprang.

A very short struggle took place. The lucky rabbits that escaped soon disappeared into their burrows, and it is certain that never again would they be deceived in this manner. But that did not trouble the weasel as he dragged his prize to the shelter of the hedge.

Carabao, Farmer Filipino's Best Friend

T. CHAMBERS ATKINSON



"NO ANIMAL EVER SERVED A MASTER MORE FAITHFULLY"

THE carabao, domesticated water buffalo of the Philippine Islands, may be as tractable as Old Dobbin or as vicious as a wounded grizzly. Left to his own devices, he is as lazy as a contented cow; but when urged by his master he braces his massive shoulders against the yoke and draws enormous loads. He will trudge through boggy fields of island farms for hours on end, a lowly beast of burden; then become a sprightly plaything for his master's kiddies upon the beach at sundown.

Why, a carabao is as full of mystery as an egg!

When white men entered the Philippines, the carabao were quick to show resentment. The whites were chased, in some instances severely injured, by the resentful buffalos. To this day natives of some of the islands will tell you the buffalos disliked the white men because they were unfriendly to the Filipinos! They may be right, too, for when the white people and the native Filipinos began to live together on more friendly terms, the buffalos ceased annoying the whites.

What the camel is to the Sahara, what the sledge-dog is to the far northland, the carabao is to the Philippines. He never complains of the terrific heat. He merely closes his huge black eyes when torrential rains beat upon his thick hide. He has but one steady, plodding gait—and everlasting loyalty. Farmer Filipino could not get along without him. No animal ever served a master more faithfully.

He not only serves the Filipinos, he serves you and me. For hemp rope and twine, for cacao seeds which make possible cocoa and chocolate, for cocoanut oil for soap and cooking fat, oh, for many, many things which make life pleasant here in America, I am grateful to this faithful old animal. Truly he works while we sleep, and the product of his labor makes possible a more abundant life for you and for me.

Respite for the Leviathan

E. R. YARHAM, F. R. G. S., Member British Empire Naturalists' Association

OVERS of wild life the world over will hear with a sigh of relief that the majority of whaling companies have decided not to hunt during the coming winter. For a few brief months the Leviathan will enjoy a respite from the orgy of slaughter which has been going on for the last ten years. More whales than ever before in the history of the industry are being killed in order that the companies may pay big dividends, and it may be said at once that the break next season is not in order that the whales may increase, but because the market is flooded with such vast quantities of oil that the price has slumped.

One of the biggest tasks facing humanitarians today is the obtaining of some agreement which shall safeguard the future of this mighty creature. Sir Douglas Mawson on the "Discovery" has been investigating conditions in the Antarctic, and in a recent message he said that the outstanding feature of the voyage was the feverish activity and the intensity pervading the

whaling campaign. In the rush for profit old ships have been converted into crude whaling-factories, and the vessels are engaged in the most ruthless competition. There is a whale-chaser in every 50 miles of the Antarctic, and recently three Norwegian vessels returned with a catch worth \$5,000,000.

International agreement is essential, for already the whale has been practically exterminated in northern waters, and its future is very precarious now in the south. The figures of the rapid rise of the industry are staggering. This winter 42 mother factory vessels, and 250 chasers were in use. In 1904 the Norwegians took only 51,400 barrels of oil in all seas; but in March this year the huge "Sir James Clark Ross," with a tonnage of 19,500 returned to her base at Stewart Island, New Zealand, and she alone had 100,000 barrels aboard. In 1927 the total had risen to 700,000 barrels. Today, in the Antarctic alone over 1,600,000 barrels are taken annually, com-

(Continued on page 160, col. 1)

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Fifteen new Bands of Mercy were reported during August. Of these, twelve were in Virginia and three in Syria.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 182,677



"PALS' PALACE"

Among the Boy Campers

Mr. L. Raymond Talbot continued his lecture tour during August among boys' camps, filling twenty-one engagements with audiences numbering nearly 1,800 campers. His "nature walks" and "question periods" were feature attractions throughout his itinerary. In summarizing his work for the season Mr. Talbot says:

"One of the most gratifying proofs of the value of this work was to see large numbers of boys crowd around to ask questions and talk about animals. Several boys and men referred to things they had read in *Our Dumb Animals*, which they have been receiving this past year through the courtesy of the Society, as a result of my visit last summer. Several told me how glad they were that the 'anti-steel-trap law' was accepted, showing that what I said about it last year made some impression."

Did You Know That

The population of the world at the present time is about two billions.

A spreading oak, sixty feet high, carries about 6,000,000 leaves.

Columbus brought twenty bloodhounds with him on his voyage to America in 1492.

Children of the Moon

(The moths)

A. LESLIE

*Blossoms of the sky lanes,
Underneath the moon,
Color-music of the winds,
Woven from their croon.*

*Whispers of a rainbow
Dreaming it is free
From its starry prison
In the sapphire sea.*

*Born of mist and moonbeams
And ashes of the sun;
Gowned in gems and jewel-cloth
Which the fairies spun.*

Companions

HE is six years old; she is five. They are not brother and sister, although they have lived in the same family since babyhood.

When he was adopted into the home, he was so fat and pudgy that his little legs not only bowed but failed to hold him up. When she came, a short time later, we despaired of raising her. She was scrawny, her little joints protruded, and her skin was so drawn that she presented a mummy-like appearance. He seemed entirely devoid of nerves; she a bundle of them.

He is still bow-legged, but has developed into a broad-shouldered, sturdy, short-legged little chap, whose every muscle betokens strength. He has a pug nose that wears a saucy tip. His eyes are black and gentle, but when he is defiant they wear a snappy look, that says plainly, "Don't arouse my fighting spirit!" People respect him. His very attitude demands it.

She is tall and slender, the acme of gracefulness; how daintily she stretches forth those toes; how lightly she places her foot! Her gait is a perfect glide in contrast with his heavy, lumbering motion, be-speaking nothing but stolidity. Her nose is long and pointed, admirably adapted to prying into others' affairs. She is saucy, quarrelsome, irritable and nervous. This is undoubtedly due to our leniency in her early life and to his unfaltering devotion. She picks quarrels with every one who ventures across her path; she is saucy to the neighbors. The only time when she is agreeable is when she looks around and discovers that he is not at her heels, ready to "fight to a finish" if her impositions happen to meet with resentment.

His life is one of devotion. No morsel is too choice to be shared. No matter how overbearing she may be or how impetuous, he never shows displeasure. She seems to think that his existence was planned purely for her benefit. She takes his sacrifices as a matter of fact, but always refuses to reciprocate. At one time she uses him for a foot-stool, again for a head rest, and always as a body-guard.

He is my bulldog "Yank"; she is my pointer "Belle."

"Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father, who played the organ."

Orphaned

EVA BEARCE MITCHELL

AT dusk, alone, helpless, and at the mercy of bobcat and coyote, we saw him sniffing the dirt of the highway, and took him to our home at the tie camp.

We knew at a glance that the fawn had been orphaned; for no live deer will leave her babe thus exposed. Pressed by hunger, fear, and even curiosity mother deer will venture close to wilderness abode of man, but never till her offspring is secreted to her liking. Apparently she is aware of the fawn's instinct to lie low; because, after she has hidden it, she will seem to be alone as she tracks about cabin or camp.

Possibly it was this trait or instinct of the doe to hide her young that had brought tragedy to the mother of this fawn. There are those who will not hesitate to break the federal law and kill a doe, who would not shoot a mother deer, and leave her sucking to starve and be preyed upon.

Probably the killer had driven far with the dead doe before the babe, driven by keen hunger and fright, had followed the scent of its mother's blood to the highway.

At the tie camp "Pock," the spotted fawn, thrived. He was petted and fed milk at the cabin doors. Later he ate grain and hay. He grew to be a beautiful buck, and was the object of admiration and wonder of the many visitors to our camp.

Because of Pock's confidence in humans, we kept him as long as we could from joining his kind in the heavily-timbered forest that rose about us. Although our tie camp is situated deep in the great Medicine Bow reservation, at an altitude of 9,600 feet above sea level, it is no safe retreat for deer. Around and up the pine-covered mountain slopes, motor trails have been scratched and blasted. As tourist and homesteader chugs along these ways, it is no uncommon sight to see deer scurry back into thicker growth of pine and aspen. Sometimes the deer will stand, head raised, inspecting the intruder within easy range of rifle or shotgun, and our beautiful buck would be one of these, we felt sure.



TAKEN INTO CAMP AND RAISED



CHILDREN'S PAGE



THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SEAL WAS FOUND NEAR THE SHORE IN BOSTON HARBOR, MOTHERLESS AND FRIENDLESS UNTIL A KIND MAN TOOK IT UP IN HIS ARMS AND CARRIED IT HOME. LATER IT WAS BROUGHT TO THE ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL AND NURSED FROM A MILK BOTTLE

A Pretty Tale of a Baby Seal

Many are the stories told of pet seals. Here is one related in *The Book of Animals*: A boy living on one of the wilder parts of our northern coasts had a baby seal given to him by some fishermen. It was about a fortnight old, and in a few weeks it was perfectly tame; followed him about, ate from his hand, and showed evident pleasure whenever its master drew near. It was fond of heat, and would lie for hours at the kitchen fire. It would nestle close to the dogs, who soon got used to their strange new companion. But when the winter came on the supply of fish grew scarce, for the boats were often unable to put out. So the seal had to go short, and soon milk had to be given it instead. But it drank so much that the boy's parents decided that the animal could not be kept any longer. So he and a friend rowed out a couple of miles from shore, one day, and gently dropped the seal overboard. But instead of frisking with delight and diving out of sight, the poor animal showed great distress at being left. It swam after the boat with cries so pitiful that at last the rowers stopped pulling and lifted the creature in, and took it home once more. Of course it became a greater favorite than ever, and there was no more talk of "getting rid of it."

Guinea Pig's Plea

AM only a little guinea pig, but I need good food and fresh water just as much as you do.

I feel hunger and thirst, pain and fear, heat and cold, just the same as you do. Also, I love to have room to run about in.

Watch me play with my mates. See how well we wash our faces! I love rolled barley and alfalfa hay. Plenty of fresh water three times a day. At noon green feed, grass, kale, carrot-tops, fruit. Please keep my nest-box and floor clean with straw or waste hay to play and hide in.

A shady place in summer—warm shelter in winter. I do not dig out, so can run on the ground in a yard, which I enjoy. If you hold me gently when I am tiny I will be tame.

Please be good to me, and treat me as you would wish to be treated, were you in my place.

MISS ABBY T. ARNOLD
Pomona, California

Wild Heart

FRANCES MANETTE WHITE

SOMEBODY caught a rabbit wild,
Up in the hills one day.
Somebody took the rabbit wild,
To a city far away.

Somebody penned the rabbit up,
In a box two feet by four.
Somebody gave the rabbit food,
And thought of him no more.

Nobody knew how the rabbit missed,
The aspen bordered rills.
Nobody knew how the rabbit pined,
For his home among the hills.

Nobody knew how the rabbit longed,
For the wild flowers and the grass.
Nobody knew how the rabbit wished,
That a mountain breeze would pass.

Nobody knew how his wee wild heart,
Longed for the pine tree sigh.
Nobody knew that he missed the place
Where a rushing stream goes by.

Somebody carried the rabbit back,
To his home among the hills.
Back where the rushing stream goes by.
Back to the rocks and rills.

Somebody set the rabbit free,
And its wee wild heart was gay.
Somebody's heart was gladdened too,
As the rabbit scampered away.



BLIND "SCOTTY" AND HIS KIND CARETAKER

Respite for the Leviathan

(Continued from page 157)

pared with about 300,000 barrels in other waters.

The whale is not able to compete against modern methods of warfare. In the early eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the fight meant a struggle of man against its strength, the whale had a sporting chance of escape. Its doom was sounded, when the reverberation of the explosive harpoon was heard in northern waters. Now even more modern and destructive weapons of assault have been devised, including electrocution. In addition to this, the old-fashioned crow's nest has been superseded, and the modern whaler, such as the "Kosmos," 32,000 tons, only 500 tons less in bulk than the famous Atlantic liner, the "Mauritania," is assisted by spotting seaplanes. Such vessels too are also assisted by five or six speedy little chasers, armed with deadly harpoon guns in the bows. These ships can turn with lightning quickness, and can travel at about 15 knots an hour, so that the whale stands little chance against them.

It is possible for a gunner to earn from \$25,000 to \$50,000 in a season, for he is paid \$60 for every whale he kills, and the men aboard are also rewarded with a high bonus. Formerly in the days of the old sailing whalers they were lucky to obtain a whale once every two or three days. Now modern equipment enables the factory vessel to deal with as many as fourteen or fifteen in one day. Each ship can handle 600 whales in a season. The blue whale, the largest creature caught in any waters, may be 100 feet in length, and will produce 250 barrels of oil. When prices are high, as they have been until the recent slump, a barrel will fetch \$25, six barrels going to the ton. When such prices have been common, and with the incentive offered the men in the way of high wages, it is not to be wondered at that an ever-increasing orgy of killing has been witnessed.

Scientific men in every part of the world are of the opinion that rigid restrictions are essential. Already some have been devised, for the Falklands Government prohibits the shooting of calves and cow whales; some authorities insist on the bodies being utilized as completely as possible, and the Falklands again only allow whaling under license. The tragedy is, however, that these regulations only control the operations which are carried out from shore stations. In the past it was the practice for the catchers, or chasers, to

bring the carcasses to the shore factories. During the last few years the inauguration of the floating factory method, using ships of from 20,000 to 30,000 tons in the open ocean as factories, has revolutionized the industry. At present no control is possible.

It is certain that the natural increase of the whale, one calf being born about every two years, cannot stand up against such organized destruction, swift and improvident as it is. At present little is known of the life history of the whale, but during the last few years the Falkland Islands Government, to whom the future of the industry is vital, has been carrying out important investigations through the agency of the Discovery Research Committee, and the vessel of that name, as well as the "William Scoresby." Such work covers the feeding grounds, migratory movements, period of gestation and habits of life. Serious attempts are also being made by the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea to co-ordinate all results, including those of the Norwegian Government. Much pioneer work has also been accomplished by the American Museum of Natural History.

Apart from these movements, those who care for the future of the whale on humanitarian grounds must turn to the League of Nations. Happily the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea works in close touch with the Economic Committee of the League of Nations. The latter committee is aware of the seriousness of the position, and it is to be hoped that now a year's respite is in sight that an international agreement will be reached. Something similar to the Pelagic Sealing Treaty of 1911, between England, Japan, Russia and America, which was a remarkable understanding, for it saved the sealing industry, is imperative. Thanks to this treaty the sealing industry is now flourishing, and will yield a high and continuous revenue for a long period.

During the last few months the Economic Committee has circularized the chief nations interested in the industry. These include Great Britain and the Dominions, Norway, the United States, France, Japan and Portugal. A draft convention has been formulated, and it is hoped that by it the gunner will receive payment not merely on the number he kills, but according to the size, species, value and yield of the oil. Further it is hoped that uniform legislation will be set up, rigorously restricting the killing of females and young, and enforcing a close season. Isolated action is useless, for the future of the whale is an international obligation.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Prosecutions (Continued)

Failing to provide proper food and drink for two cats, fine \$10 and one month's sentence, latter suspended.

Driving lame horse (two defendants, owner and driver) former fined \$25, latter guilty, case filed.

Cruelly beating a horse, \$25 fine.

Working a horse whose nose was badly lacerated, thirty days House of Correction, suspended for six months.

Working horses afflicted with gall sores (three defendants) two fined \$25 each, third, case filed.

Upon application for court order for disposal of horse seized as unfit for labor, order issued that animal be killed.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty and suffering upon two heifers, defendant sentenced two months to House of Correction, suspended for one year.

Cruelly overdriving a horse, defendant given one month at House of Correction, suspended one year.



A 21-YEAR-OLD CAT, OWNED BY
MRS. W. B. HIBBLETHWAITE,
CHELSEA, MASS.

Our Dumb Animals

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Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor.

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